

IONSONVS
VIRBIVS.

OR,

THE MEMORIE OF
BEN: JOHNSON

REVIVED
BY THE FRIENDS OF
THE MUSES.



LONDON,

Printed by E. P. for Henry Seile, and are to be sold
at his shop, at the Tygers Head in Fleetstreet,
over-against Saint Dunstons
Church, 1638.

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THE PRINTER

TO THE READER.

Is now about sixe moneths
 since the most learned and
 judicious Poet, B. I OHN-
 SON, became a subject for
 these Elegies. The time interjected
 betweene his death and the publishing
 of these, shewes that so great an Ar-
 gument ought to be consider'd, before
 handled; not that the Gentlemens
 affections were lesse readie to grieve,
 but their judgements to write. At
 length the loose Papers were consign'd
 to the hands of a Gentleman, who

To the Reader.

truly honor'd Him (for he knew why
he did so) To his care you are behol-
ding that they are now made yours.
And he was willing to let you know the
value of what you have lost, that you
might the better recommend what
you have left of Him, to
your posteritie.



Farwell.

As the Author of this Poem, being
now about five months
since most learned and
judicious Poet, B. Jon-
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these Elegies. The time inter-
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of these, being so great an In-
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An Eglogue on the Death of BEN-

JOHNSON, betweene *Melibeus*
and *Hylas*.



MELIBÆVS.

Hylas, the cleare day boasts a glorious Sunne,
Our Troope is ready, and our time is come:
That Fox who hath so long our Lambs destroy'd,
And daily in his prosperous rapine joy'd,
Is earth'd not farre from hence, old Egors sonne,
Rough Corilas, and lusty Corydon,
In part the sport, in part revenge desire,
And both thy Armer and thy Aid require.
Haste, for by this, but that for thee we stand,
The Prey-devourer had our prey bin made.
Hyl. Oh! *Melibeus* now I list not hunt,
Nor have that rigor as before I wont;
My presence will afford them no reliefe,
That Beast I strive to chase is only griefe.
Mel. What meane thy folded Armer, thy downe-cast
Teares which so fast descend, and sighs which rise?
What meane thy words which so distracted fall,
As all Thy Ayer had now one funerall?
Cause for such griefe, can our retirements yeeld?
That followes Courts, but stoopes not to the field,

Hath thy sterne *step-dame* to thy *sire* reveal'd
 Some youthful act, which thou couldst with conceal'd
 Part of thy *Heard* hath some close thiefe convey'd
 From open pastures to a darker shade?
 Part of thy flocke hath some fierce *Torrent* drown'd?
 Thy harvest fail'd? or *Amarillis* frown'd?

Hyl. Nor *Love*, nor *Anger*, *Accident* nor *Thiefe*,
 Hath rais'd the waves of my unbounded griefe:
 To cure this cause, I would provoke the ire
 Of my fierce *Step-dame* or severer *Sire*,
 Give all my *Heards*, *Fields*, *Flocks*, and all the grace,
 That ever shone in *Amarillis* Face.

Alas, that *Bard*, that glorious *Bard* is dead,
 Who when I whilome Cities visited, (dayes,
 Hath made them feare, but *houres* which were full
 Whilst he vouchsaf't me his harmonious *layes*.
 And when He liv'd, I thought the countrey then
 A torture, and no *Mansion*, but a *Den*.

Mel. *John* is so you meane, unless I much doe erre,
 I know the *Person* by the *Character*.

Hyl. You guesse aright, it is too truely so,
 From no lesse spring could all these *Rivers* flow.

Mel. Ah *Hylas*! then thy griefe I cannot call
 A passion, when the ground is *rationall*.
 I now excuse thy *teares* and *sighs*, though those
 To *deluges*, and these to *tempests* rose:
 Her great instructor gone, I know the *Age*
 No lesse laments then doth the *widdow'd* stage,
 And onely *Vice* and *Folly*, now are glad,
 Our *Gods* are troubled, and our *Prince* is sad:
 He chiefly who bestowes *light*, *health* and *art*,
 Feeles this sharpe griefe pierce his *immortall* heart,
 He his neglected *Life* away hath throwne,
 And wept a larger nobler *Nelicon*,

To finde his *Hearbs*, which to his wish prevaile,
For the lesse lov'd should his owne favorite faile:
So moan'd himselfe when *Daphne* he ador'd;
That *arts* relieving al, should faile their Lord: (springs,
Hyl. But say, from whence in thee this knowledge
Of what his favour was with *Gods* and *Kings*?
Mel. *Dorus*, who long had known *books*, *men*, & *romnes*,
At last the honour of our *woods* and *Donnes*,
Had often heard his Songs, was often fir'd
With their inchanting power, ere he retir'd
And ere himselfe to our still *groves* he brought,
To meditate on what his *Muse* had taught:
Here all his joy was to revolve alone,
All that *her* Musicke to his soule had showne,
Or in all meetings to divert the streame
Of our discourse; and make his *Friend* his *Theame*,
And praising works which that rare *Loom* hath weav'd,
Impart that pleasure which he had receav'd,
So in sweet *notes* (which did all *tunes* excell,
But what he prais'd) I oft have heard him tell
Of His rare *Pen*, what was the use and price,
The Bayes of *Vertue* and the scourge of *Vice*:
How the rich ignorant he valued least,
Nor for the *trappings* would esteeme the *beast*:
But did our youth to noble actions raise,
Hoping the meed of his immortall praise:
How bright and soone His *Muses* morning shone,
Her *Noone* how lasting, and her *Evening* none:
How *speech* exceeds not *dumbenesse*, nor *verse* *prose*,
More then His verse the low rough *rimes* of those,
(For such his seene, they seem'd,) who highest rear'd,
Possess *Parnassus* ere his power appear'd:
Nor shall another *Pen* his fame dissolve,
Till we this doubtfull *Probleme* can resolve,

Which in his *workes* we most transcendent see,
Wit, Iudgement, Learning, Art, or Industry,
 Which *Till* is Never, to all jointly flow,
 And each doth to an equall *Torrent* grow:
 His *Learning* such, no *Anchor* old nor new,
 Escapt his reading that deserv'd his view,
 And such his *Iudgement*, so exact his *Test*,
 Of what was best in *Bookes*, as what *bookes* best,
 That had he joyn'd those notes his Labours tooke,
 From each most prais'd and praise-deserving *Booke*,
 And could the world of that choise *Treasure* boast,
 It need not care though all the rest were lost:
 And such his *Wit*, He writ past what he quotes,
 And his *Productions* farre exceed his *Notes*:
 So in his workes where ought inferred growes,
 The noblest of the *Plants* engrafted shoves,
 That his adopted *Children* equall not,
 The generous *Issue* his owne *Braine* begot:
 So great his *Art*, that much which he did write,
 Gave the wise *nonden*, and the *Crowd* delight,
 Each sort as well as *sex* admir'd his *Wit*,
 The *Hees* and *Shees*, the *Boxes*, and the *Pir*:
 And who lesse lik'd within, did rather chuse
 To taxe their *Iudgements* then suspect his *Muse*,
 How no spectator his chaste stage could call
 The cause of any crime of his, but all
 With thoughts and wils purg'd and amended rise,
 From th' *Ethicke Lectures* of his *Comedies*,
 Where the *Spectators* act, and the sham'd age
 Blusheth to meet her follies on the stage;
 Where each man finds some *Light* he never sought,
 And leaves behind some vanitie he brought,
 Whose *Politicks* no lesse the minds direct,
 Then these the manners, nor with lesse effect.

When his Majestieke Tragedies relate
 All the disorders of a Tottering state,
 All the distempers which on Kingdomes fall,
 When ease, and wealth, and vice are generall,
 And yet the minds against all feare assure,
 And telling the disease, prescribe the Cure,
 Where, as he tels what subtle wayes, what friends,
 (Seeking their wicked and their wisht forends)
 Ambitious and luxurious Persons prove,
 Whom vast desires, or mighty wants doth move,
 The generall frame, so far and undermine,
 In proud *Sejanus*, and bold *Cassius*,
 So in his vigilant *Prince* and *Consuls* parts,
 He shewes the wiser and the nobler Art,
 By which a State may be unburst, upheld,
 And all those workers destroy'd, which hell would build.
 Who (not like those who with small praise had writ,
 Had they not cal'd in Iudgement to their wit)
 Vs'd not a tutoring hand his to direct,
 But was sole workeman and sole architect:
 And sure by what my Friend did daily tell,
 If he but added his owne part as well
 As he writ those of others, he may boast,
 The happy fields hold not a happier ghost. (Youth,

Hyl. Strangers will thinke this strange, yet he (deafe
 Where most he past beleefe, fell short of Truth:
 Say on, what more he said, this gives reliefe,
 And though it raise my cause, it bates my grieve,
 Since Fates decreed him now no longer li'd,
 I joy to heare him by thy Friend reviv'd.

Mel. More he would say, and better, (but I spoile
 His smother words with my unpolisht stile)
 And having told what pitch his worth attain'd,
 He then would tell us what Reward it gain'd.

How in an *ignorant*, and *learn'd* age he swaid,
 (Of which the first he found, the second made)
 How He, when he could know it, reapth his *Fame*,
 And long out-liv'd the envy of his Name:
 To him how daily *flockt*, what *reverence* gave,
 All that had *mit*, or would be thought to have,
 Or hope to gaine, and in so large a store,
 That to his *Asbes* they can pay no more,
 Except those few who *censuring*, thought not so,
 But aim'd at glory from so great a foe:
 How the wise too, did with meere *wits* agree,
 As *Pembroke*, *Portland*, and grave *Aubigny*;
 Nor thought the rigidst *Senator* a shame,
 To contribute to so deserv'd a *fame*:
 How great *Eliza*, the *Retreate* of those,
 Who weake and injur'd her protection chose,
 Her Subjects joy, the *strength* of her *Allies*,
 The *feare* and *wonder* of her *Enemies*,
 With her judicious *favours* did infuse
Courage and *strength* into his yonger *Muse*:
 How learned *JAMES*, whose praise no end shall finde,
 (But still enjoy a *Fame* pure like his *Mind*)
 Who favour'd *quiet*, and the Arts of *Peace*,
 (Which in his *Halcion* dayes found large encrease)
 Friend to the humblest if deserving *Swaine*,
 Who was himselfe a part of *Phabus* Traine,
 Declar'd great *JOHNSON* worthiest to receive
 The *Garland* which the *Muses* hands did weave,
 And though his *Bounty* did sustaine his dayes,
 Gave a more welcome *Pension* in his praise:
 How mighty *Charles* amidst that *Weighty* care,
 In which three Kingdomes as their *Blessing* share,
 Whom as it tends with ever watchfull eyes,
 That neither *Power* may force, nor *Art* surmise.

So bounded by no shore, graspes all the *Maine*,
 And farre as *Neptune* claimes, extends his reigne.
 Found still some Time to heare and to admire,
 The happy sounds of his Harmonious *Live*,
 And oft hath left his bright exalted *Throne*,
 And to his *Muses* feet combin'd His own:
 As did his *Queene*, whose *Person* so disclos'd
 A brighter *Nymph* then any Part impos'd,
 When she did joyne, by an Harmonious choise,
 Her gracefull *Motions* to his Powerfull voice:
 How above all the rest was *Phæbus* fir'd
 With love of *Arts*, which he himselfe inspir'd,
 Nor oftner by his *Light* our *Sence* was chear'd,
 Then he in *Person* to his sight appear'd,
 Nor did he write a line but to supply,
 With sacred *Flame* the *Radiant God* was by.

In his
Maskes.

Hyl. Though none I ever heard this last rehearse,
 I saw as much when I did see his verse.

Mel. Since He, when living could such *Honors* have,
 What now will *Piety* pay to his grave?
 Shall of the *rich* (whose lives were low and vile,
 And scarce deserv'd a Grave, much lesse a Pile)
 The *monuments* possesse an ample *Roome*,
 And such a *wonder*-lye without a *Tombe*?
 Raife thou him one in *Verses*, and There relate
 His *Worth*, thy *griefe*, and our deplored *state*,
 His great *Perfections* our great losse recite,
 And let them meerely weepe who cannot write,

Hyl. I like thy saying, but oppose thy choise,
 So great a Taske as this requires a *Voice*
 Which must be heard, and listned to, by all,
 And *Fames* owne *Trumpet* but appears too small,
 Then for my slender *Reede* to sound his *Name*,
 Would more my *Folly* then his *praise* proclaime,

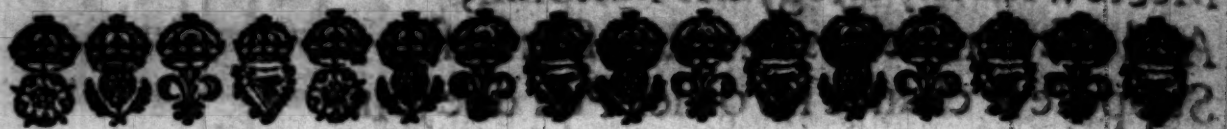
And

And when you wish my *weaknesse* sing his *Worth*,
 You charge a *Mouse* to bring a *Mountain* forth:
 I am by *Nature* form'd, by *woes* made Dull,
 My *Head* is emptier then my *Heart* is full;
 Griefe doth my *Braine* impaire, as *Tears* supply,
 Which makes my *sweat* so moist, my *Pen* so dry:
 Nor should this *work* proceed from *woods* and *Downes*,
 But from the *Academies*, *Courts*, and *Townes*;
 Let *Digby*, *Carew*, *Killigrew*, and *Maine*,
Godolphin, *Waller*, that inspired *Train*,
 Or whose rare *Pen* beside deserves the grace,
 Or of an *equal*, or a neighbouring *Place*,
 Answer thy wish, for none so fit appears
 To raise his *Tombe*, as who are left his *Heires*:
 Yet for this *Cause* no labour need be spent,
 Writing his *Workes*, he built his *Monument*.

Mel. If to obey in this, thy *Pen* be loth,
 It will not seeme thy *weaknesse*, but thy *sloth*:
 Our *Townes* press'd by our *Foes* invading *Might*,
 Our ancient *Druids* and young *Virgins* fight,
 Employing feeble *Limbes* to the best use;
 So *JOHNSON* dead, no *Pen* should plead excuse:
 For *Elegies*, howe all who cannot sing,
 For *Tombes* bring *Turf*, who cannot *Marble* bring,
 Let all their *forces* mix, joyne *Verse* to *Rime*,
 To save his *Fame* from that *Invader*, *Time*;
 Whose *Power*, though his alone may well restraine,
 Yet to sowre it an end, no *Care* is vaine;
 And *Time*, like what our *Brooke* act in our sight,
 Oft sinks the *weightie*, and upholds the *Light*:
 Besides, to this, thy *paines* I strive to move
 Lesse to expelle his *glory* then thy *Love*:
 Not long before his *Death*, our *woods* he meant
 To visit, and descend from *Thames* to *Trent*,

Meete with thy Elegy his Pastorall,
And rise as much as he vouchsaf't to fall :
Suppose it chance no other Pen doe joine
In this Attempt, and the whole worke be thine.
When the fierce fire the rash-Boy kindled, raign'd,
The whole world suffer'd ; Earth alone complain'd :
Suppose that many more intend the same,
More taught by Art, and better knowne to Fame,
To that great Deluge which so faire destruid,
The Earth her Springs, as Heaven his Showrs employd ;
So may who highest Markes of Honour weares,
Admit meane Partners in this Flood of Teares :
So oft the Humblest joine with Loftiest Things,
Nor onely Princes weep the fate of Kings. (fir'd,

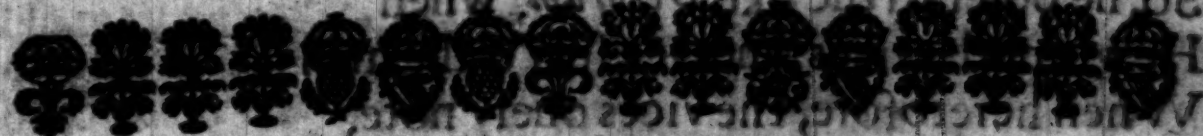
Hyl. I yeeld, I yeeld, Thy words my thoughts have
And I am lesse perswaded then inspir'd ;
Speech shall give Sorrow vent, and that Releefe,
The Woods shall eccho all the Citties grieve :
I oft have verse on meaner Subjects made,
Should I give Presents and leave Debts unpaid ?
Want of Invention here is no excuse,
My matter I shall find, and not produce,
And (as it fares in Crowds) I onely doubt,
So much would passe, that Nothing will get out,
Else in this Worke which now my Thoughts intend
I shall find nothing hard, but how to end :
I then but aske fit Time to smooth my Layes,
(And imitate in this the Pen I praise)
Which by the Subjects Power embalm'd, may last,
Whilst the Sun Light, the Earth doth shadowes cast,
And feather'd by those Wings fly among men,
Farre as the Fame of Poetry and B E N.



To
T H E M E M O R Y O F
B E N I A M I N L O N S O N .

I F Romulus did promise in the fight
To love the Stator, if he held from flight
His men, a Temple, and performed his vow
Why should not we, learn'd L O N S O N the nation
An Altar at the least? since by Thy aid,
Learning, that would be use to us, has bin stay'd
The Actions were different: that thing
Requir'd some marks to keep from perishing;
But letters must bee quite defac'd, before
Thy memory, whose care did them restore.

By G. K. H. V. R. S. T.



TO THE MEMORY OF

him who can never be forgotten,

Master BENJAMIN

JOHNSON.

HAd this bin for some meaner Poets Heare,
 I might have then observ'd the lawes of verse;
 But here they faile, nor can I hope to expresse
 In Numbers, what the world grants Numberlesse;
 Such are the Truths, we ought to speake of Thee,
 Thou great refiner of our Poetrie,
 Who turn'st to gold that which before was lead,
 Then with that pure *Elixar* rais'd the dead,
 Nine Sisters who (for all the Poets lyes)
 Had bin doom'd Mortall, did not Johnson rise
 And with celestiall Sparkes (not stolne) revive
 Those who could erst keep winged Fame alive:
 T'was he that found (plac't) in the seat of wit,
 Dull grinning Ignorance, and banish't it;
 He on the prostituted Stage appears
 To make men heare, not by their eyes, but eares;
 Who painted Vertues, that each one might know,
 And point the man, that did such Treasure owe:
 So that who could in Johnsons lines be high
 Needed not Honours, or a Ribbon buy:
 But vice he onely shew'd us in a glasse,
 Which by reflection of those rayes that passe,
 Retaines the figure lively, set before,
 And that withdrawne, reflects at us no more;



TO
THE MEMORY OF
BENIAMIN JOHNSON.

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To love the Stator, if he held from flight
His men, a Temple, and perform'd his vow
Why should not we, dear'd JOHNSON, the relation
An Altar at the least? since by Thy aid,
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But vice he onely shew'd us in a glasse,
Which by reflection of those rayes that passe,
Retaines the figure lively, set before;
And that withdrawne, reflects at us no more;

So, he observ'd the like *Decorum*, when
 He whipt the vices, and yet spar'd the men;
 When heretofore, the vices onely note,
 And signe from vertue as his party-coate,
 When Devils were the last *Men* on the Stage,
 And pray'd for plenty, and the present Age;
 Nor was our English language, onely bound
 To thanke him, for he Latin *Horace* found
 (Who so inspir'd *Rome*, with his Lyricke song)
 Translated in the *Macaronicke* tongue,
 Cloth'd in such raggs, as one might safely vow,
 That his *Mecenas*, would not owne him now;
 On him he tooke this pittie, as to cloth
 In words, and such expression, as for both;
 Ther's none but judgeth the exchange will come
 To twenty more, then when he sold at *Rome*,
 Since then, he made our Language pure and good,
 And teach us speake, but what we understood,
 We owe this praise to him, that should we joyne
 To pay him, he were payd but with the coyne
 Himselfe hath minted, which we know by this
 That no words passe for currant now, but his;
 And though He in a blinder age could change
 Faults to perfections, yet 'twas farre more strange
 To see (how ever times, and fashions frame)
 His wit and language still remaine the same
 In all mens mouths; Grave Preachers did it use
 As golden Pills, by which they might infuse
 Their Heavenly Physicke; Ministers of State
 Their grave dispatches in his language wrate;
 Ladies made curtisies in them, Courtiers, legs,
 Physicians Bills, perhaps some Pedant begs

He may not use it, for he heares 'tis such,
As in few words, a man may utter much
Could I have spoken in his language too,
I had not said so much, as now I doe,
To whose cleare memory, I this tribute send
Who Dead's my wonder, Living was my Friend.

JOHN BEAUMONT,
Baronet.



TO THE MEMORY OF
M. BENJAMIN JOHNSON.

TO presse into the throng, where wits thus strive
To make thy *Lessels* fading *Tombes* survive,
Argues thy *worth*; their *love*, my bold *desire*,
Somewhat to sing, though but to fill the *Quire*:
But (Truth to speake) what *Muse* can silent be,
Or little say, that hath for Subject, *Thee*,
Whose *Poems* such, that as the Sphere of fire,
They warme insensibly, and *Force* inspire,
Knowledge, and wit infuse, mute *tongues* unlose,
And wayes not track't to write, and speake disclose.
But when thou put'st thy *Tragique Buskin* on,
~~Or *Comique* socke of mirthfull *Action*,~~
Actors, as if inspired from thy hand,
Speake, beyond what they thinke, lesse, understand.
And thirsty Hearers wonder-strucken say,
Thy words make that a *Truth*, was meant a *Play*.
Folly, and braine-sicke *Humors* of the time,
Distempered *Passion*, audacious *Crime*,
Thy Pen so on the stage doth personate,
~~That ere men scarce begin to know, they hate~~
The *Vice* presented, and there lessons learne,
Virtue, from vicious *Habits* to discern.
Oft have I seene *Thee* in a sprightly straine,
To lash a *Vice*, and yet no one complaine,

Thou

Thou threw'st the *Inke* of *Malice* from Thy *Pen*,
 Whose aim was evill *manners*, not ill *men*.
 Let then fraile parts repose, where solemn care
 Of pious Friends, thee *Pyramids* prepare;
 And take thou (B B N) from *Verse* a second breath,
 Which shall create *Thee new*, and conquer *Death*.

S. THO. HAWKINS.

To keepe off the pale day: For (JOHNSON) then
 Thou hadst beene number'd still with living men:
 Times 2 we had feared thy power to invade,
 Not this subject of our power made.
 Amongst those many names that come
 To offer up their Garland at thy Tomb,
 Whilst some more lofty rise in their bright Verse,
 (like glorious Towers rising on thy Hill)
 Shall light the dull and shackle world to see,
 How great a maine it suffers (wanting thee):
 I cannot but be glad to see thee
 Pay me that I owe thee thy glory:
 A name I thought can add but in desire,
 Restore some spark which leapt from mine own fire.
 What ends lookest thou for in this
 I can give, it was no rich to write,
 Not any thing ambition to be read,
 But meetly too and just to the dead,
 Which rais'd my famell'd Muse; and couldst bring
 These words as mine throw into that spring,
 To whose most rich and fruitful head we owe
 The purest fountains of language which can flow.



Vpon BEN. I O H N S O N.

I See that *wreath* which doth the *wearer* arme
Gainst the quick stroakes of *Thunder* is no charme
To keepe off *deaths* pale dart: For (I O H N S O N) then
Thou hadst beene number'd still with *living* men:
Times *Sythe* had feard thy *Lawrell* to invade,
Nor thee this Subject of our *sorrow* made.

Amongst those many *Votaries* that come
To offer up their *Garlands* at thy *Tombe*,
Whilst some more lofty *Pens* in their bright *Verse*,
(Like glorious *Tapers* flaming on thy *Herse*)
Shall light the dull and thanklesse *world* to see,
How great a maim *it* suffers, (wanting thee;)
Let not thy learned *shadow* scorne, that I
Pay meaner *Rites* unto thy *Memory*:
And since I nought can adde but in *desire*,
Restore some *sparks* which leapt from *thine* owne *fire*.

What ends loever other *Quils* invite,
I can protest, it was no *itch* to write,
Nor any vaine *ambition* to be read,
But meere *love* and *justice* to the dead,
Which rais'd my famelesse *Muse*; and caus'd her bring
These drops, as *tribute* throwne into that *Spring*,
To whose most rich and fruitfull *bead* we owe
The purest *streames* of *language* which can flow.

For 'tis but truth; *Thou* taughtst the ruder *Age*,
 To speake by *Grammer*; and reformedst the *Stage*:
 Thy *Comick* *ock* induc'd such purged *sense*,
 A *Lucrece* might have heard without offence.
 Amongst those soaring *Wits* that did dilate
 Our *English*, and advance it to the *rate*
 And *value* it now holds, *thy selfe* was one
 Helpt lift it up to such proportion,
 That thus *refin'd* and *roab'd* it shall not spare
 VVith the full *Greeke* or *Latine* to compare.
 For what *Tongue* ever durst, but *Ours*, translate
 Great *Tullies Eloquence*, or *Homers State*?
 Both which in their unblemisht *lustre* shine,
 From *Chapmans Pen*, and from *thy CATILINE*.

All I would aske for *thee*, in recompence
 Of *thy* successfull *toyle*, and *times expence*
 Is onely this poore *boone*: That those who can
 Perhaps read *French*, or talke *Italian*,
 Or doe the lofty *Spaniard* affect,
 (To shew their skill in *forreigne dialect*)
 Prove not themselves so unnat'rally *wise*
 They therefore should their *Mother-tongue* despise:
 (As if her *Poets* both for *stile* and *witt*,
 Not equal'd, or not pass'd their best that *writt*)
 Vntill by studying *JOHNSON* they have knowne
 The *height*, and *strength*, and *plentie* of their *owne*.
 Thus in what low *earth*, or neglected *roome*,
 So ere *thou* sleepest, *thy BOOKE* shall be *thy Tombe*,
 Thou wilt goe downe a *happie Coarse*, bestrew'd
 VVith *thine owne Flowres* and feele *thy selfe* renew'd,
 VVhilst *thy immortall*, never with'ring *Bayes*
 Shall yearely flourish in *thy Readers* praise.

And when more *spreading Titles* are forgot,
 Or, spight of all their *Lead and seare-cloth*, rot;
 Thou *wrapt and shrin'd in thine owne sheets* wilt lye
 A *Relique* fam'd by all *Posterity*.

H E N. K I N G

Shall yearly flourish in thy Reader's praise.
 VVith thy immortal, never-fading Ray
 VVill shine owne Flowers and thy life renew.
 Thou wilt goe downe a lasting cause, belov'd
 So ere thou sleepest, thy Book shall be thy Tomb.
 Thus in what low caves, or neglected rooms
 The bright, and fragrant, and pleasant of their own
 VVill by studying Iohns on they have knowne
 Nor equal'd, or not pass'd their best that were in
 (As it here fears both for life and mine)
 They therefore should their brother-works delight
 Prove not themselves so uncharitably
 (To draw their skill in foreign lands)

Might but this slender offering of mine,
 Croud midst the sacred burden of thy shrine,
 The neere acquaintance with thy greater name
 Might stile me *Wit*, and privilege my *Fame*,
 But I've no such ambition; nor dare sue
 For the least Legacy of *Wit*, as due;
 I come not to offend duty, and transgresse
 Affection, nor with bold presumption presse,
 Midst those close mourners, whose nigh kin in verse,
 Hath made the nere attendance of Thy herse,
 I come in *duty*, not in *pride*, to show
 Not what I have in store, but what I owe.
 Nor shall My folly wrong Thy *Fame*, for we
 Prize by the want of *Wit*, the losse of Thee.
 As when the wearied Sunne hath stolne to rest,
 And darknesse made the worlds unwelcome guest,
 We groveling captives of the night, yet may
 With fire and candle beget light, not day:
 Now He whose name in *Poetry* controules,
 Goes to converse with more *refined* soules,
 Like countrey Gazers in amaze we sit,
 Admirers of this great *Eclipse* in *Wit*,
Reason and *Wit* We have to shew us *Men*,
 But no hereditary beame of *Ben*,
 Our knock't inventions may beget a sparke,
 Which faints at th'least resistance of the darke,
 Thine like the *Fires* high element was pure,
 And like the same made not to burne, but cure,

When thy enraged *Muse* did chide o'th stage,
 'Twas to reforme, not to abuse the *Age*,
 But th'art requited ill, to have thy herse,
 Stain'd by prophaner *Parricides* in verse;
 Who make mortality, a guilt, and scould;
 Meerely because Thou'dst offer to be old,
 'Twas too unkinde a slighting of Thy name,
 To thinke a *ballad* could confute Thy *Fame*,
 Let's but peruse their *Libels*, and they'le be,
 But arguments they understood not thee,
 Nor l'ft disgrace, that in *Thee* through age spent,
 'Twas thought a crime not to be excellent:
 For *Me*, Ile in such reverence hold thy *Fame*,
 Ile but by *Invocation* use Thy *Name*,
 Be thou propitious, *Poetry* shall know,
 No *Deity* but *Thee* to whom I'le owe.

 H E N . C O V E N T R Y .

 A . N .



AN ELEGIE UPON BENIAMIN JOHNSON.

THough once high *Statius* o're dead *Lucans* hearse,
Would seeme to feare his owne *Hexameters*,
And thought a greater *Honour* then that feare,
He could not bring to *Lucans* sepulcher;
Let not our *Poets* feare to write of thee,
Greate *JOHNSON* King of *English Poetry*
In any *English Verse*, let none who e're,
Bring so much emulation as to feare:
But pay without comparing thoughts at all,
Their tribute verses to thy funerall;
Nor thinke what ere they write on such a name,
Can be amisse, If high, it fits Thy *Fame*:
If low, it rights Thee more, and makes men see,
That *English Poetry* is dead with Thee,
Which in Thy *Genius* did so strongly live,
Nor will I here particularly strive,
To praise each well composed piece of thine;
Or shew what judgement, *Art* and *Wit* did joyn
To make them up, but onely (in the way
That *Famianus* honour'd *Virgill*) say,
The *Muse* her selfe was link't so neere to thee,
Who ere saw one, must needs the other see,
And if in thy expressions ought seem'd scant,
Not thou, but *Poetry* it selfe did want.

AN ELEGIE ON

BEN. I O H N S O N.

I Dare not, learned *Shade*, bedew thy *Hearse*
 With *teares*, unless that *impudence* in *Verse*
 Would cease to be a *sinne*; and what were *crime*
 In *Prose*, would be no *injurie* in *Rime*.
 My *thoughts* are so *below*, I *fear* to *act*
 A *sinne*, like their black *envie*, who *detra*ct;
 As oft as I would *chara*cter in *speech*
 That *worth*, which *silent wonder* scarce can *reach*.
 Yet, I that but *pretend* to *learning*, owe
 So much to thy great *fame*, I ought to *shew*
 My *weakenesse* in thy *praise*; to thus *approve*,
 Although it be *lesse wit*, is greater *love*.
 'Tis all our *phancie* aimes at; and our *tongues*
 At best, will *guilt*ie prove of *friendly wrongs*.
 For, who would *image* out thy *worth*, great *BEN*,
 Should first be, what he *praises*; and his *Pen*
 Thy *active braines* should *feed*, which we can't *have*,
 Unless we could *redeeme* Thee from the *Grave*.
 The onely *way*, that's left *now*, is to *looke*
 Into thy *Papers*, to *reade* o're thy *Booke*;
 And then remove thy *phancies*, there doth *lye*
 Some *judgement*, where we cannot *make*, & *apply*
 Our *reading*: some, perhaps, may call this *wit*,
 And *thinke*, we doe not *steale*, but onely *fit*

Thee

Thee to thy selfe; of all thy Marble monuments,
 Nothing is truly ours, except the reason;
 O could we weepe like Thee! we might convey
 New breath, and raise men from their Bed of Clay
 Unto a life of fame; he is not dead,
 Who by thy *Muses*, hath beene buried;
 Thrice happy those brave *Heroes*, whom *Ulysses*
 Wrapt in thy writings, as their mindes, sleepe;
 For, when the tribute unto *Nature* due,
 Was payd, they did receive new life from you;
 Which shall not be updated, since thy breath
 Is able to immortal, after death.

Thus rescu'd from the dust, they did ne're see
 True life, untill they were entomb'd by Thee.

You that pretend to Courtship, here admire
 Those pure and active flames, Love did inspire:
 And though he could have tooke his *Mistresse* eares,
 Beyond fain'd sighs, false oaths, and forced teares;
 His heat was still so modest, it might warme,
 But doe the Cloystred *Votarie* no harme.

The face he sometimes praises, but the mind,
 A fairer *Saint*, is in his Verse inshrind.

He that would worthily set downe his prayse,
 Should studie Lines as loftie as his Playes.
 The *Roman* worthies did not seeme to fight
 With braver spirit, then we see him write:
 His *Pen* their valour equals; and that Age
 Receives a greater glory from our Stage.

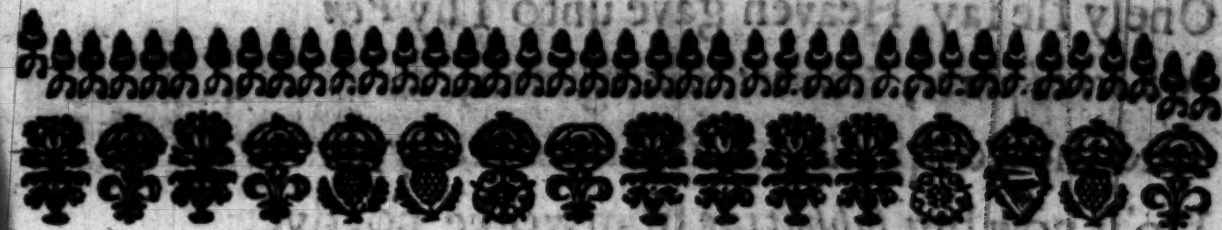
Bold *Catiline*, at once *Romes* hate and feare,
 Farre higher in his storie doth appeare:
 The flames those active *Furies* did inspire,
 Ambition and Revenge, his better fire

Kindles afresh; thus *lighted*, they shall *burne*,
 Till *Rome* to its *first nothing* doe returne.
 Brave *fall*, had but the *cause* beene likewise good!
 Had he so, for his *Countrey*, lost his *blood*!

Some like not *Tully* in his *owne*; yet while
 All doe *admire* him in thy *English* *stile*,
 I *censure* not; I rather *thinke*, that wee
 May well his *equall*, *thine* we ne're shall see.

Dubly Diggs.

An



To
THE IMMORTALITIE
of my Learned Friend,
M. JOHNSON.

I Parled once with *Death*, and thought to yeeld,
When thou advisedst me to keepe the field,
Yet if I fell, thou wouldst upon my *Hearse*,
Breath the reviving spirit of thy *Verses*.

I live, and to thy gratefull *Muse* would pay,
A *Parallell* of thanks, but that this day
Of thy faire *Rights*, through th' innumerable light,
That flowes from thy *Adorers*, seems as bright,
As when the *Sun* darts through his golden *Haire*,
His *Beames Diameter* into the *Aire*.
In vaine I then strive to encrease thy *glory*,
These *Lights* that goe before make dark my story.

Onely Ile say, Heaven gave unto Thy Pen
 A Sacred power, Immortallizing men,
 And thou dispensing Life immortally,
 Do'st now but *sabbatize* from worke, not dye.



GEORGE FORTESCUE

of my Learned Friend
 M. L O N S O N .



An

ELEGIE UPON THE

Death of BEN. JOHNSON,

the most Excellent of

English Poets;



What doth officious Fancie here prepare?
 Be't rather this rich Kingdoms charge & care
 To find a Virgin quarry whence no hand,

E're wrought a Tomb on vulgar Dust to stand,

And thence bring for this worke Materials fit,

Great JOHNSON needs no Architect of wit;

Who forc'd from Art, receiv'd from Nature more

Then doth survive him, or e're liv'd before.

And Poets, with what veils so ere you hide,

Your aims, will nor be thought your griefe, but pilde

Which that your Cypress never growth might want,

Did it neede his eternall Laurell plant.

Heaven at the death of Princes, by the birth
 Of some new Starre, seemes to instruct the Earth,

How itresents our humane *Fate*. Then why
 Didst thou *Wits* most triumphant *Monarch* dye
 Without thy *Comet*? Did the *Skye* despaire
 To teeme a *Fire*, bright as thy glories were?
 Or is it by its *Age*, unfruitfull growne,
 And can produce no *light*, but what is knowne,
 A common *Mourner*, when a *Princes* fall
 Invites a *Starre* to attend the *Funerall*?
 But those prodigious *Sights* onely create,
 Talke for the *Vulgar*, *Heaven* before thy *Fate*.
 That thou thy selfe might'st thy owne *Dirges* heare,
 Made the sad *stage* close *mourner* for a yeere;
 The *stage*, (which as by an instinct divine,
 Instructed, seeing it's owne *Fate* in Thine,
 And knowing how it owed it's life to Thee)
 Prepar'd it selfe thy *sepulcher* to be,
 And had continued so, but that Thy *Wit*,
 Which as the *soule*, first animated it,
 Still hovers here below, and nere shall dye,
 Till *Time* be buried in *eternity*.

But You! whose *Comicke* labours on the *stage*,
 Against the envy of a froward age
 Hold combat! How will now your *Vessels* saile,
 The *Seas* so broken and the winds so fraile,

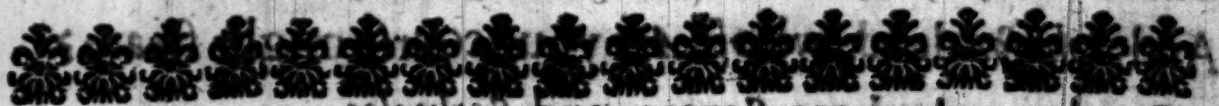
Such

Such *Rocks*, such *shallows* threatning every where,
 And *Johnson* dead, whose *Art* your course might feare?
 Looke up! where *Seneca*, and *Sophocles*,
 Quicke *Plautus*, and sharpe *Aristophanes*,
 Enlighten yon bright *Orbe*! Doth not your eye,
 Among them, one farre larger fire, descry,
 At which their lights grow pale? 'tis *Johnson*, there
 He shines your *Starre* who was your *Pilot* here.

W. A. BINGTON.

Vpon

d 3



Vpon BEN: I O H N S O N, the most
excellent of Comick P O E T S.

Mirror of Poets! Mirror of our Age!
Which her whole Face beholding on thy stage,
Pleas'd and displeas'd with her owne faults en-
A remedy, like those whom *Musicke* cures, (dures,
Thou not alone those various inclinations,
Which *Nature* gives to *Ages*, *Sexes*, *Nations*,
Hast traced with thy All-resembling *Pen*,
But all that custome hath impos'd on *Men*,
Or ill-got Habits, which distort them so,
That scarce the Brother can the Brother know,
Is represented to the wondring Eyes,
Of all that see or read thy Comedies.
Whoever in those Glasses looks may finde,
The spots return'd, or graces of his minde;
And by the helpe of so *divine* an *Art*,
At leisure view, and dresse his nobler part.
Narcissus cozen'd by that flattering *Well*,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here discovering the deform'd estate
Of his fond minde, preserv'd himselfe with hate,
But *Vertue* too, as well as *Vice* is clad,
In flesh and blood so well, that *Plato* had
Beheld what his high *Fancie* once embrac'd,
Vertue with colours, speech and motion grac'd.

The sundry Postures of Thy copious Muse,
 Who would expresse a thousand tongues must use,
 Whose Faces no lesse peculiar then thy Art,
 For as thou couldst all characters impart,
 So none can render thine, who still escapes,
 Like Proteus in variety of shapes,
 Who was nor this nor that, but all we finde,
 And all we can imagine in mankind.

E. WALLER.



Vpon the POET of His time, B. J:
His honoured F. and F.

ANd is thy *Glasse* run out? is that *Oile* spent,
Which light to such tough sinewy labours lent?
Well BEN I now perceive that all the *Nine*,
Though they their utmost forces should combine,
Cannot prevaile 'gainst *Nights three Daughters*, but
One still will *spinne*, One *winde*, the other *Cut*,
Yet in despite of *Spindle*, *Clue*, and *Knife*,
Thou in thy strenuous lines hast got a *life*,
Which like thy *Bay* shall flourish every *Age*,
While *Socke* or *Buskin* move upon the stage.

Sic Vaticinatur I A. H O W E L L Ar.

AN

AN
OFFERTORY
AT
THE TOMBE
OF
THE FAMOUS POET
BEN: JOHNSON.

IF *Soules* departed lately hence doe know
How we performe the *duties* that we owe
Their *Reliques*? will it not grieve *thy spirit*
To see our dull *devotion*? *thy merit*
Prophan'd by disproportiond *Rites*? *thy Herse*
Rudely defil'd with Our unpolish'd *Verse*?
Necessitie's our best excuse; 'tis in
Our *understanding*, not our *will* wee sin;
'Gainst which 'tis now in vaine to labour, wee
Did nothing *know*, but what was *taught* by *Thee*,
The routed *Souldiers* when their *Captaines* fall
Forget all *order*, that men cannot call
It properly a *Battaile* that they *fight*;
Nor wee (*Thou* being dead) be said to *write*.
'Tis *noise* wee utter, nothing can be *sung*
By those distinctly that have lost their *Tongue*;

E

And



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E

And

And therefore whatsoere the *Subject* be,
 All *Verses* now become thy *ELEGIE*:
 For, when a *livelesse Poeme* shall bee read,
 Th' afflicted *Reader* sighs, *BEN: IONSON's dead.*
 This is thy *Glory*, that no *Pen* can raise
 A lasting *Trophee* in thy honour'd *praise*;
 Since *Fate* (it seemes) would have it so exprest,
 Each *Muse* should end with *Thine*, who was the best:
 And but her flights were stronger and so high,
 That *Time's* rude hand cannot reach her *glory*,
 An ignorance had spred this *Age* as great
 As that which made thy *learned Muse* so sweat,
 And toyle to *dissipate*; un-*til* (at length)
 Purg'd by thy *Art*, it gain'd a lasting *strength*;
 And now secur'd by thy all-powerfull *Writt*,
 Can feare no more a like *relapse* of *Witt*:

Though (to Our griefe) we ever must despaire,
 That any *Age* can raise Thee up an *Heire*.

JOHN VERNON

THe *Muses* fairest light in no darke time,
 The wonder of a learned Age; the Line
 Which none can passe; the most proportion'd wit,
 To Nature, the best Judge of what was fit;
 The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest PEN;
 The Voice most eccho'd by consenting Men,
 The Soule which answer'd best to all well said
 By others, and which most requitall made,
 Tun'd to the highest Key of ancient ROME,
 Returning all her Musique with his owne,
 In whom with Nature, Studie claim'd a part,
 And yet who to himselfe ow'd all his Art:
 Heere lies BEN: JOHNSON, every Age will looke
 With sorrow heere, with wonder on his Booke.



VWho first reform'd our Stage with justest *Laws*,
 And was the first best *Judge* in your owne *Cause*?
 Who (when his *Actors* trembled for *Applause*)

Could (with a noble *Confidence*) preferre
 His owne, by right, to a whole *Theater*;
 From *Principles* which he knew could not erre.

VWho to his *F A B L E* did his *Persons* fitt,
VWith all the *Properties* of *Art* and *Witt*,
 And above all (that could bee *Acted*) writt.

VWho publique *Follies* did to covert drive,
VWhich hee againe could cunningly retrieve,
 Leaving them no ground to rest on, and thrive.

Heere *I O N S O N* lies, whom had I nam'd before
 In that one word alone, I had paid more
 Then can be now, when *plentie* makes me *poore*.

I. Cl.

To the Memory of BEN. JOHNSON.

AS when the *Vestall* hearth went out, no fire
 Lesse holy then the flame that did expire
 Could kindle it againe: So at thy fall
 Our *Witt*, great BEN, is too *Apocryphall*
 To celebrate the losse, since tis too much
 To write thy *Epitaph*, and not bee such.
 What thou wert, like th'hard *Oracles* of old,
 Without an *extasie* cannot bee told.
 We must be *ravish'd* first, Thou must infuse
 Thy selfe into us both the *Theame* and *Muse*.
 Else, (though wee all conspir'd to make thy *Herse*
 Our *Workes*) so that 'thad beene but one great *Verse*,
 Though the *Priest* had translated for that time
 The *Liturgy*, and buried thee in *Rime*,
 So that in *Meeter* wee had heard it said,
Poetique dust is to *Poetique* laid:
 And though that dust being *Shakspeare's* thou mightst have
 Not his *roome*, but the *Poet* for thy grave;
 So that, as thou didst *Prince of Numbers* dye
 And live, so now thou mightst in *Numbers* lie,
 Twere fraile *solemnitie*; *Verses* on Thee
 And not like *thine*, would but kind *Libels* be;
 And we, (not speaking thy *whole worth*) should raise
 Worse blots, then they that envied thy praise,
 Indeed, thou needst us not, since above all
 Invention, thou wert thine owne *Funerall*.

Hereafter, when *Time* hath fed on thy *Tombe*,
 Th'*inscription* worne out, and the *Marble* dumbe,
 So that 'twould pose a *Critick* to restore
 Halfe words, and words expir'd so long before.
 When thy maym'd *Statue* hath a *sentenc'd* face,
 And looks that are the horror of the place,
 That 'twill be *learning*, and *Antiquitie*,
 And aske a *SELDEN* to say, *this was Thee*,
 Thou'lt have a whole *Name* still, nor needst thou feare
 That will be ruin'd, or lose nose, or haire.
 Let others write so thin, that they can't be
Authors till rotten, no *Posteritie*
 Can adde to thy *workes*; th'had their whole growth then
 When first borne, and came aged from thy *Pen*.
 Whilst living thou enjoy'dst the fame and sense
 Of all that *time* gives but the reverence.
 When th'art of *Homers* yeares, no man will say
 Thy *Poems* are lesse worthy, but more gray:
 Tis *Bastard-Poetry*, and oth' false blood
 Which can't without *succession* be good.
 Things that will alwayes last, doe thus agree
 With things eternall; th'at once perfect bee.
 Scorne then their censures, who gav't out, thy *wit*
 As long upon a *Comædie* did sit
 As *Elephants* bring forth; and that thy blotts
 And mendings tooke more time then *Fortune* plotts:
 That such thy drought was, and so great thy thirst,
 That all thy *Playes* were drawne at th' *Mermard* first:
 That the *Kings* yearly *Butt* wrote, and his *Wine*
 Hath more right then thou to thy *CATILINE*.
 Let such men keepe a diet, let their witt
 Be rackt, and while they write, suffer a fit.

When th'have felt *cornes* which out-paine the *gout*,
 Such, as with lesse, the *State* drawes *treason* out;
 Though they should the length of *consumptions* lie
 icke of their *verse*, and of their *Poem* die,
 I would not be thy worst *Scène*, but would at last
 Confirm their *boastings*, and shew made in hast.
 He that writes *well*, writes *quick*; since the *rule's* true,
 Nothing is slowly done, that's alwayes new.
 So when thy *F O R E* had ten times acted beene,
 Each day was *first*, but that 'twas cheaper scene.
 And so thy *A L C H Y M I S T* plaid ore and ore,
 Was new oth' *Stage* when 'twas not at the *dore*.
 Wee, like the *Affairs* did repeat, the *Pir*
 The first time *saw*, the next conceiv'd thy *wit*:
 Which was cast in those *forms*, such *rules*, such *Arts*,
 That but to some not halfe thy *Arts* were *parts*:
 Since of some *silken judgements* we may say,
 They fill'd a *Boxe* two houres, but saw no *Play*.
 So that th' *unlearned* lost their *money*, and
Schollers sav'd onely, that could *understand*.
 Thy *Scène* was free from *Monsters*, no hard *Plot*
 Call'd downe a *God* 'untill th'unlikely *knot*.
 The *Stage* was still a *Stage*, two entrances
 Were not two parts oth' *world*, disjoyn'd by *Seas*.
 Thine were *land-Tragedies*, no Prince was found
 To swim a whole *Scène* out, then oth' *Stage* drown'd;
 Pitch't fields, as *Red-Ball wars*, still felt thy *doome*,
 Thou laidst no sieges to the *Musique-Roome*;
 Nor wouldst allow to thy best *Comædies*
 Humours that should above the *Peoplerise*:
 Yet was thy *language* and thy *style* so high,
 Thy *soote* oth' *uncle*, *Bushman* reacht oth' *high*;

And

And both so chaste, so 'bove *Dramatick* cleane,
 That we both safely saw, and liv'd thy *Scene*.
 No foule loose line did prostitute thy wit,
 Thou wrot'st thy *Comedies*, didst not commit.
 We did the vice arraignd not tempting heare,
 And were made *Judges*, not bad *parts* by th' care.
 For thou ev'n sinne didst in such words array,
 That some who came *bad parts*, went out *good play*.
 Which ended not with th' *Epilogue*, the *Age*
 Still acted, which grew innocent from th' *Stage*.
 Tis true thou hadst some *sharpnesse*, but thy *salt*
 Serv'd but with pleasure to reforme the fault.
 Men were laugh'd into *vertue*, and none more
 Hated *Face* acted then were such before.
 So did thy sting not *bloud*, but *humours* draw,
 So much doth *Satyre* more correct then *Law*;
 Which was not *nature* in thee, as some call
 Thy *teeth*, who say thy wit lay in thy *Gall*.
 That thou didst quarrell first, and then, in spight,
 Didst 'gainst a *person* of such *vices* write:
 That 'twas *revenge*, not *truth*, that on the *Stage*
Carlo was not presented, but thy *Rage*:
 And that when thou in *company* wert met,
 Thy *meate* tooke *notes*, and thy *discourse* was *net*.
 Wee know thy *free-veine* had this *innocence*,
 To spare the *partie*, and to brand th' *offence*.
 And the just *indignation* thou wert in
 Did not expose *Shift*, but his *tricks* and *ginne*.
 Thou mightst have us'd th' old *Comick* freedome, these
 Might have seene themselves *plaid*, like *Socrates*.
 Like *Cleon*, *Mammon* might the *Knight* have beene,
 If, as *Greeke Authors*, thou hadst turn'd *Greeke spleene*;

And hadst not chosen rather to translate
 Their *learning* into *English*, not their *rare* :
 Indeed this *last*, if *thou* hadst beene bereft
 Of *thy* humanitie, might be cal'd *Theft*.
 The other was not; whatsoere was strange
 Or borrow'd in *thee* did grow *thine* by th' *change*.

Who without *Latine* helps had'st beene as rare
 As *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, or as *Shakespeare* were :

And like *them*, from thy *native Stock* could'st say,
Poets and *Kings* are not *borne* every day.

Wherein we find a *Mule* like *Virbius*, that can
 So well pretend and show man's mind
 That each one finds his mind, and thinks why
 Ends not to the *gates*, but the *heart* :
 Where one following life to life, that
 Think it's tangling *Custome*, and not *Custome* there :
 Manner that were *Themes* to thy *second* still



In the memory of the most Worthy

BENJAMIN JOHNSON.

Father of Poets, though *thine* owne great day
Struck from *thy* selfe, scornes that a weaker ray
Should twine in *lustre* with it: yet my flame,
Kindled from *thine*, flies upwards tow'rd *thy* Name.

For in the acclamation of the lesse
There's *Piety*, though from *it* no access.
And though my ruder *thoughts* make me of those,
Who hide and cover what they should disclose:
Yet, where the *lustre's* such, he makes it seene
Better to some, that drawes the *veile* betweene.

And what can more be hop'd, since that *divine*
Free filling *spirit* tooke its flight with *thine*?
Men may have *fury*, but no *raptures* now;
Like Witches, *charme*, yet not know whence, nor how.
And through distemper, grown not strong but fierce;
In stead of *writing*, onely *rave* in *verse*:
Which when by *thy* *Laws* judg'd, 'twill be confes'd,
'Twas not to be *inspir'd*, but be *posses'd*.

Where shall we find a Muse like *thine*, that can
So well present and shew *man* unto *man*,
That each one finds his *twin*, and thinkes *thy* *Art*
Extends not to the *gestures*, but the *heart*?
Where one so shewing *life* to *life*, that we
Think *thou* taughtst *Custom*, and not *Custom* thee?
Manners, that were Themes to *thy* Scenes still flow

In the same streame, and are their comments now:
 These times thus living o're thy Modells, we
 Thinke them not so much wit, as prophesie:
 And though we know the character, may sweare
 A Sybill's finger hath bin busie there. (known

Things common thou speakst proper, which though
 For publique, stamp't by thee grow thence thine owne:
 Thy thoughts so order'd, so expres'd, that we
 Conclude that thou didst not discourse, but see
 Language so master'd, that thy numerous feet,
 Laden with genuine words, doe alwaies meet
 Each in his art; nothing unfit doth fall,
 Shewing the Poet, like the wiseman, All:
 Thine equall skill thus wresting nothing, made
 Thy penne seeme not so much to write as trade.

That life, that Venus of all things, which we
 Conceive or shew, proportion'd decencie,
 Is not found scattred in thee here and there,
 But, like the soule, is wholly every where.
 No strange perplexed maze doth passe for plot,
 Thou alwayes dost untie, not cut the knot.
 Thy Lab'rins's doores are open'd by one thread
 That ties, and runnes through all that's don or said.
 No power comes down with learned hat and rod,
 Wit onely, and contrivance is thy god.

'Tis easie to guild gold: there's small skill spent
 Where ev'n the first rude masse is ornament:
 Thy Muse tooke harder metalls, purg'd and boild,
 Labour'd and try'd, heated, and beate and royld,
 Sifted the drosse, fil'd roughnes, then gave dresse,
 Vexing rude subjects into comlinesse.
 Be it thy glory then, that we may say,

Thou run'st where th' foote was hindred by the way.

Nor dost *thou* poure out, but dispence *thy* veine;
Skill'd when to spare, and when to entertaine:
Not like our *wits*, who into one piece do
Throw all that they can say, and their *friends* too,
Pumping themselves, for one *Termes* noise so dry,
As if they made their *wills* in Poetry.

And such spruce *compositions* presse the stage,
When men transcribe *themselves*, and not the age.
Both sorts of Playes are thus like *pictures* showne,
Thine of the common life, theirs of their owne.

Thy modells yet are not so fram'd, as we
May call them *libells*, and not *imag'rie*:
No name on any Basis: 'tis *thy* skill
To strike the *vice*, but spare the *person* still:
As he, who when he saw the Serpent wreath'd
About his sleeping sonne, and as he breath'd,
Drinke in his soule, did so the shoot contrive,
To kill the beast, but keepe the *child* alive.
So dost *thou* aime *thy* darts, which, ev'n when
They kill the *poisons*, do but wake the *men*.
Thy thunders thus but purge, and we endure
Thy launcings better then anothers cure;
And justly too: for th' age growes more unsound
From the *fooles* balsam, then the *wisemens* wound.

No rotten talke brokes for a laugh; no page
Commenc'd man by th' instructions of *thy* stage;
No bargaining line there; no provoc'tive verse;
Nothing but what *Lucretia* might rehearse;
No need to make good count'nance ill, and use
The plea of strict life for a looser *Muse*.
No Woman rul'd *thy* quill: we can descry

No *verse* borne under any *Cynthia's* eye:
 Thy *Starre* was judgement onely, and right *sense*,
 Thy *selfe* being to *thy selfe* an *influence*.
 Stout *beauty* is *thy grace*: *Sterne pleasures* do
 Present *delights*, but mingle *horrors* too:
 Thy *Muse* doth thus like *Joves* fierce *girle* appeare,
 With a faire *hand*, but grasping of a *Speare*.

Where are they now that cry, *thy Lamp* did drinke
 More *oyle* then th' *Authour wine*, while he did thinke?
 We do imbrace their flander: *thou* hast writ
 Not for *dispatch* but *fame*; no *market wit*:
 'Twas not *thy care*, that it might *pass* and *sell*,
 But that it might endure, and be done *well*:
 Nor would'st *thou* venture it unto the *eare*,
 Untill the *file* would not make *smooth*, but *weare*:
 Thy *verse* came season'd hence, and would not give;
 Borne not to feed the *Authour*, but to *live*:
 Whence 'mong the choicer *Judges* rise a *strife*,
 To make *thee* read as *Classick* in *thy life*.
 Those that doe hence *applause*, and *suffrage* begge,
 Cause they can *Poems* forme upon one *legge*,
 Write not to *time*, but to the *Poets* day:
 There's difference between *fame*, and *lodaine pay*.
 These men sing *Kingdomes* falls, as if that *fate*
 Us'd the same *forcer* a *Village*, and a *State*:
 These serve *Thyestes* bloody *supper* in,
 As if it had onely a *sallad* bin:
 Their *Catilines* are but *Fencers*, whose *fights* rise
 Not to the *fame* of *battell*, but of *prize*.
 But *thou* still put'st true *passions* on; dost *write*
 With the same *courage* that try'd *Captaines* fight;
 Giv'st the right *blush* and *colour* unto things;

Low without creeping, high without losse of wings;
Smooth, yet not weake, and by a thorough-care,
Bigge without swelling, without painting faire:
 They wretches, while they cannot stand to fit,
 Are not *wits*, but materialls of *wit*.
 What though *thy* searching *wit* did rake the dust
 Of *time*, and purge old *mettalls* of their *rust*?
 Is it no *labour*, no *art*, thinke they, to
 Snatch Shipwracks from the *deepe*, as *Dyvers* do?
 And rescue Jewells from the covetous *sand*,
 Making the Seas hid wealth adorne the Land?
 What though *thy* culling Muse did rob the store
 Of Greeke, and Latine gardens to bring ore
Plants to *thy* native soyle? Their vertues were
 Improv'd farre more, by being planted here.
 If *thy* *Still* to their *essence* doth refine
 So many *drugges*, is not the *water* *thine*?
 Thefts thus become just *works*: they and their *grace*
 Are wholly *thine*: thus doth the *stampe* and *face*
 Make that the Kings, that's ravisht from the *mine*:
 In others then 'tis *oare*, in thee 'tis *coine*.

Blest life of Authours, unto whom we owe
 Those that we have, and those that we want too:
 Th' art all so good, that reading makes thee worse,
 And to have *writ* so well's *thine* onely curse.
 Secure then of *thy* merit, thou didst hate
 That servile base dependance upon fate:
 Successe thou ne'r thoughtst *vertue*, nor that fit,
 Which *chance*, and th' *ages* fashion did make hit;
 Excluding those from *life* in *after-time*,
 Who into Po'try first brought *luck* and *rime*:
 Who thought the peoples breath good ayre: styld name

What was but *noise*; and getting Briefes for *fame*
Gathered the many's *suffrages*, and thence
Made *commendation* a *benevolence*;

Thy thoughts were their owne *Lawrell*, and did win
That best applause of being crown'd within.

And though th' exacting *age*, when deeper yeeres
Had interwoven *snow* among *thy* *haire*s,
Would not permit *thou* shouldst grow *old*, cause they
Nere by *thy* writings knew thee *young*; we may
Say justly, they're ungratefull, when they more
Condemn'd *thee*, cause *thou* wert so good before:

Thine Art was *thine Arts* blurre, and they'll confesse
Thy strong *perfumes* made them not smell *thy* lesse.

But, though to erre with *thee* be no small skill,
And we adore the last draughts of *thy* Quill:
Though those *thy* thoughts, which the now queasie *age*,
Doth count but *clods*, and refuse of the *stage*,

Will come up *Porcelaine*-wit some hundreds hence,
VVhen there will be more *manners*, and more *sense*;

'Twas judgement yet to yeeld, and we afford

Thy silence as much *fame*, as once *thy* word:

VVho like an aged *oake*, the *leaves* being gone,

VVast *food* before, art now *religion*;

Thought still more *rich*, though not so richly stor'd,

View'd and enjoy'd before, but now ador'd.

Great soule of *numbers*, whom we want and boast;

Like curing *gold*, most valu'd now *th' art* lost;

VVhen we shall feed on *refuse* offalls, when

VVe shall from *corne* to *akornes* turne agen;

Then shall we see that these two *names* are one,

JOHNSON and *Poetry*, which now are gone.

VV. CARTWRIGHT.

An

An Elegy upon BEN: JOHNSON.

NOW *thou* art dead, and *thy* great wit and name
 Is got beyond the reach of Chance or Fame,
 Which none can lessen, nor we bring enough
 To raise it *higher*, through our want of *stufte*;
 I find no roome for *praise*, but *Elegie*,
 And there but name the *day* that *thou* didst *dye*.
 That men may know *thou* didst so, for they will
 Hardly beleeve *disease* or *age* could kill
 A *body* so inform'd, with such a *soule*,
 As, like *thy* *verse*, might Fate it selfe controule.
 But *thou* art gon, and *we* like greedy Heires,
 That snatch the fruit of their dead Fathers cares,
 Begin t'enquire what *meanes* *thou* left'st behind
 For *us* pretended Heires unto *thy* mind.
 And *my*-selfe not the latest 'gan to looke
 And found the Inventory in *thy* Booke;
 A stock for *writers* to set up withall:
 That out of *thy* full Comedies, their *small*
 And slender wits by vexing much *thy* writ
 And their owne *braines*, may draw good *saving* wit.
 And when they shall upon some *credit* pitch,
 May be thought well to *live*, although not *rich*.
 Then for your Songsters, Masquers, what a deal
 We have? enough to make a Common-weale:
 Of dauncing Courtiers, as if Poetry

Were made to set out their activity.

Learning great store for us to feed upon,

But little fame; that with thy selfe is gon,

And like a desperate debt, bequeath'd, not paid

Before thy death has us the poorer made.

whilst we with mighty labour it pursue.

And after all our toile, not find it due.

IO: RUTTER.

That a most will doubt, what all may hear

For, when the World shall know, that Rutter's height,

Flameth his wit, and dawns a grave weight,
Howe his micklest nerves, and that high praise

Shall with such radiant illustration glide,
(As if each late to life were properly)
Through all thy Workes; And like a Torrent move,

Rowling the Masses to the Court of Justice
was generall Tribes, will come in

Hence to Apollo's ever verdant Tree,

And will by all concluded be, the Stage

Is witness now; was led by thy age.

As well as Empire, with his Latin hand,

Not can the rage of name, or passion when

Esch'd to bright a flame, But it will shine

In light of carver, till it grow divine.

As when Augustus, and wars did cease,

Rome's travell was were lifted in by peace;

So in our happy dayes, we have had now

To the Memory of immortall
B E N.

TO write is easie; but to write of thee
 Truth: will be thought to forfeit modesty.
 So farre beyond *concept*, thy strengths appeare;
 That almost *all* will doubt, what *all* must heare.
 For, when the World shall know, that *Pindar's* height,
Plautus his wit, and *Seneca's* grave weight,
Horace his matchlesse Nerves, and that high phrase
 Wherewith great *Lucan* doth his Readers maze,
 Shall with such radiant illustration glide,
 (As if each *line* to *life* were *property'd*)
 Through all thy Workes; And like a Torrent move,
 Rowling the *Muses* to the Court of *Jove*,
Wits generall Tribe, will soone intitle thee
 Heire to *Apollo's* ever verdant Tree.
 And 'twill by all concluded be, the Stage
 Is widowed now; was *bed-rid* by thy age.
 As well as Empire, *wit* his Zenith hath,
 Nor can the rage of *time*, or *tyrants* wrath
 Encloud so bright a *flame*: But it will shine
 In spite of *envie*, till it grow *divine*.
 As when *Augustus* raign'd, and warre did cease,
Romes bravest *wits* were usher'd in by peace:
 So in our *Halcyon* dayes, we have had now

Wits, to which, all that after come, must bow
 And should the Stage compose her selfe a Crowne
 Of all those *wits*, which hitherto sh^e knowne:
 Though there be many that about her brow
 Like sparkling stones, might a quick lustre throw
 Yet, *Shakespeare*, *Beaumont*, *Johnson*, these three shall
 Make up the Jem in the point Verticall.
 And now since *JOHNSON*'s gone, we well may say,
 The Stage hath scene her glory and decay.
 Whose judgement was't refined it? Or who
 Gave Lawes, by which hereafter all must goe
 But solid *JOHNSON*? from whose full strong quill,
 Each line did like a Diamond drop distill,
 Though hard, yet cleare. *Thalia* that had skip't
 Before, but like a Maygame girle, now stript
 Of all her Mimick Jigges, became a fight
 With mirth, to flow each pleas'd spectators light.
 And in such gracefull measures, did discover
 Her beauties now; that every eye turn'd Lover.

Who is't shall make with great *Sejanus* fall,
 Not the Stage crack, but th' Universe and all?
 Wild *Catlines* sterne fire, who now shall show?
 Or quench't with milke, still'd downe by *Cicero*?
 Where shall old Authors in such words be showne,
 As vex their Ghosts, that they are not their owne?

Admit his Muse was slow. 'Tis Judgements Fate
 To move, like greatest Princes, still in state.
 Those Planets placed in the higher Sphoeres,
 End not their motion but in many yeares;
 Whereas light *Venus* and the giddy Moone,
 In one or some few dayes their courses run.
 Slow are substantiall bodies: But to things

That ayery are, has Nature added wings.
 Each triviall *Poet* that can chant a Rime,
 May chatter out his owne *wits* Funerall *chime* :
 And those slight *nothings* that so soone are made,
 Like Mushromes, may together live and fade.
 The Boy may make a Squib : But every *line*
 Must be *considered*, where men spring a *mine*.
 And to write things that Time can never staine,
 VVill require *sweat*, and rubbing of the *braine*.
 Such were those things he left. For some may be
Eccentricke, yet with *Axiomes* *maine* agree.
 This Ile presume to say. VVhen Time has made
 Slaughter of Kings that in the VVorld have sway'd :
 A greener Bayes shall Crowne BEN. JOHNSONS Name,
 Then shall be wreath'd about their Regall Fame.
 For Numbers reach to Infinite. But He
 Of whom I write this, has prevented me,
 And boldly said so much in *his* owne praise,
 No other *pen* need any *Trophie* raise.

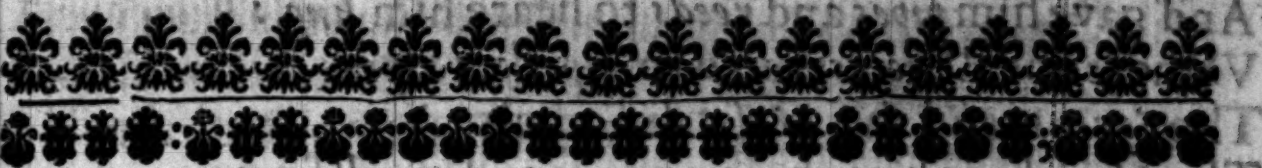
O W. F E L L T H A M.

On BEN: IONSON.
TO
MEMORIE.

I Doe not blame their paines who did not doubt
By labour of the *Circle* to finde out
The *Quadrature*; nor can I thinke it strange
That others should prove *constancie* in *change*.
Hee study'd not in vaine, who hop'd to give
A *Body* to the *Eccho*, make it live,
Be scene, and felt; nor hee whose *Art* would borrow
Beliefe for shaping *yesterday*, to *morrow*:
But heere I yeeld; *Invention*, *Study*, *Cost*,
Time, and the *Art* of *Art* it selfe is lost.
When any fraile *ambition* undertakes
For *Honour*, *profit*, *praise*, or all their sakes,
To speake unto the *world* in perfect *sense*,
Pure Judgement IONSON, 'tis an *excellence*
Suted his *Pen* alone, which yet to doe,
Requires *himselfe*, and 'twere a *Labour* too
Crowning the best of *POETS*, say all sorts
Of bravest *Acts* must die, without reports,
Count learned *knowledge* barren, *fame* abhord,
Let *Memorie* be nothing but a word:

Grant I O N S O N th'only *Genius* of the *Times*,
 Fixe him a constellation in all *Rhimes*,
 All height, all secrecies of wit invoke
 The vertue of his *Name*, to ease the yoke
 Of barbarisme; yet this lends only praise
 To such as write, but addes not to his *Bayes*:
 For hee will grow more fresh in every *Story*,
 Out of the perfum'd Spring of his owne *Glorie*.

GEORGE DONNE.



*A Funerall sacrifice, to the sacred memory
of his thrice honoured Father*

BEN. JOHNSON.

I Cannot grave, nor carve, else would I give
Thee Satues, Sculptures, and thy name should live
In Tombes, and brasse, untill the stones, or rust
Of thine owne Monument, mixe with thy dust:
But Nature has afforded me a flight
And easie Muse, yet one that takes her flight
Above the vulgar pitch. BEN she was thine,
Made by adoption free and genuine.
By vertue of thy Charter, which from Heaven,
By Jove him selfe, before thy birth was given.
The Sisters Nine this secret did declare,
VVho of Joves counsell, and His daughters are.
These from Parnassus hill came running downe,
And though an Infant did with Laurels crowne.
Thrice they him kist, and took him in their armes,
And dancing round, incircled him with charmes.
Pallas her Virgin breast did thrice distill
Into his lips, and him with Nectar fill.
VVhen he grew up to yeeres, his mind was all
On Verses: Verses, that the Rocks might call
To follow him, and Hell it selfe command,
And wrest Joves three-fold thunder from his hand.

The

The Satires oft times hem'd him in a ring,
 And gave him pipes and reeds to heare him sing :
 Whose vocall notes, tun'd to Apolloes Lyre,
 The Syrens, and the Muses did admire.
 The Nymphs to him their gemmes and corall sent ;
 And did with Swannes, and Nightingales present
 Gifts farre beneath his worth. The golden Ore,
 That lyes on Tagus or Pactolus shore,
 Might not compare with him, nor that pure sand
 The Indians find upon Hydaspes Strand.
 His fruitfull raptures shall grow up to seed,
 And as the Ocean does the Rivers feed,
 So shall his *mits* rich veines, the VVorld supply
 VVith unexhausted wealth, and ne'r be dry.
 For whether He, like a fine thread does file
 His terser Poems in a Comick stile,
 Or treates of tragick furies, and him list,
 To draw his lines out with a stronger twist :
 Minervas, nor Arachnes loome can show
 Such curious tracts; nor does the Spring bestow
 Such glories on the Field, or Flora's Bowers,
 As His works smile with Figures, and with Flowrs.
 Never did so much strength, or such a spell
 Of art, and eloquence of papers dwell.
 For whil'st that he in colours, full and true,
 Mens natures, fancies, and their humours drew
 In method, order, matter, sence and grace,
 Fitting each person to his time and place;
 Knowing to move, to slacke, or to make haste,
 Binding the middle with the first and last :
 He fram'd all minds, and did all passions stirre,
 And with a bridle guide the Theater.

To say now He is *dead*, or to maintaine
A Paradox he *lives*, were labour vaine:
Earth must to *earth*. But His faire *soule* does weare
Bright *Ariadnes* Crowne. Or is plac'd neere,
VVhere *Orpheus* Harpe turnes round with *Ledas* Swan:
Astrologers, demonstrate where you can,
VVhere His Star shines, and what part of the Skie,
Holds His compendious Divinity,
There He is fixt, I know it, cause from thence,
My selfe have lately receiv'd influence.
The Reader smiles; but let no man deride
The Embleme of *my love*, not of *my pride*.

SHACKERLEY MARMION,
In Artibus Magister.

H. On



On the best of English Poets,

BEN: IONSON,

Deceased.

SO seemes a *Starre* to shoot; when from our sight
 Falls the deceit, not from *its* losse of light;
 VVe want use of a *Soule*, who meerely know
 VVhat to our *passion*, or our *sense* we owe:
 By such a *hollow glasse*, our *cozen'd eye*
 Concludes alike, *All dead*, whom it sees die.
 Nature is *knowledge* here, but un-refin'd,
 Both differing, as the *Body* from the *Mind*:
Lawrell and *Cypresse* else, had growne together,
 And *withered* without *Memory* to either;
 Thus undistinguish'd, might in every part
 The *Sons* of *Earth* vie with the *Sons* of *Art*.
 Forbid it, (holy Reverence) to his NAME,
 VVhose *Glory* hath fil'd up the *Booke* of *Fame*!
 VVhere in faire *Capitals*, free, uncontrould,
 IOHNSON, a worke of *Honour* lives inrould:
 Creates that *Booke* a *worke*; adds this farre more,
 'Tis finish'd what unperfect was before.
 The *Muses*, first in *Greece* begot, in *Rome*
 Brought forth, our best of *Poets* hath cald home,
 Nurst, taught, and planted here; that *Thames* now sings
 The *Delphian Altars*, and the sacred *Springs*.

By Influence of this *Soveraigne*, like the *Spheres*,
 Mov'd each by other, the most low (in *yeares*)
 Contented in their *harmony*; though some
 Malignantly aspected, overcome
 VVith popular opinion, aym'd at *Name*
 More then *desert*: yet in despite of shame
 Ev'n they though foyl'd by *his* contempt of wrongs,
 Made *musique* to the harshnes of their songs.
 Drawne to the life of every *line* and *limbe*,
Hee (in *his* truth of *Art*, and that in *him*)
 Lives yet, and will, whiles *letters* can be read
 The losse is ours; now hope of *life* is dead.
 Great men, and worthy of *Report*, must fall
 Into their earth, and sleeping there sleepe *all*:
 Since *He*, whose *Pen* in every *straine* did use
 To drop a *Verse*, and every *Verse* a *Muse*,
 Is vow'd to *heaven*; as having with faire *glory*,
 Sung thankes of *Honour*, or some nobler *Story*.
 The *Court*, the *Univerfitie*, the heat
 Of *Theaters*, with what can else beger
 Beliefe, and admiration, cleerely prove
 Our *P O E T* fit in *merit*, as in *love*:
 Yet if *He* doe not at *his* full appeare,
 Survey *him* in *his* *W O R K E S*, and know *him* there.

JOHN FORD.

H₂

Vpon

Upon the Death of Mr. BEN.
JOHNSON.

TIs not secure to be too *learn'd*, or good;
These are hard *names*, & now scarce understood:
Dull flagging soules with lower parts, may have
The vaine ostents of pride upon their Grave,
Cut with some faire Inscription, and true crie,
That both the Man and Epitaph *there lie*!
Whilst those that soare above the Vulgar pitch,
And are not in their *bagges*, but *studies* rich,
Must fall without a *line*, and onely be
A Theme of *wonder*, not of *Poetry*.
He that dares praise the *eminent*, he must
Either be such, or but revile their *dust*!
And so must we (Great *Genius* of brave *verse*!)
With our injurious *zeale* prophane *thy* Herse.
It is a taske above our skill, if we
Presume to mourne our owne dead Elegie;
Wherein, like Banckrupts in the stocke of Fame,
To patch our credit up, we use *thy* Name;
Or cunningly to make our *drosse* to passe,
Do set a *jewell* in a foile of *brasse*:
No, 'tis the glory of *thy* well-known Name,
To be *eternis'd*, not in *verse* but *Fame*.

JOHNSON!

JOHNSON! that's weight enough to crowne *thy* stone:
 And make the Marble piles to sweat and grone
 Under the heavy load! A Name shall stand
 Fixt to *thy* Tombe, till times destroying hand
 Crumble our dust together, and this All
 Sinke to its Grave, at the great Funerall.
 If some lesse learned age neglect *thy* pen,
 Eclipse *thy* flames, and loose the Name of BEN,
 In spight of ignorance thou must survive
 In *thy* faire progeny, That shall revive
 Thy scatter'd ashes in the skirts of death,
 And to *thy* fainting Name give a new breath;
 That twenty ages after, men shall say
 (If the Worlds story reach so long a day,
 Pindar and Plautus with their double Quire
 Have well translated BEN the English Lyre.
 What sweets were in the Greek or Latine known,
 A naturall Metaphor has made *thine* owne:
 Their loftie language in *thy* Phrase so drest,
 And neat conceits in our own tongue exprest,
 That Ages hence, Criticks shall question make
 Whether the Greeks and Romanes English spake.
 And though *thy* Phancies were too high for those
 That but aspire to COCKEPI T-flight, or prose,
 Though the fine Plush and Velvets of the age
 Did oft for sixepence damne *thee* from the Stage,
 And with their Mast and Achorne-stomacks, ran
 To t'h nastie sweepings of *thy* Servingman,
 Before *thy* Cates, and swore *thy* stronger food,
 'Cause not by them digested, was not good;
 These Moles *thy* scorne and pittie did but raise,
 They were as fit to judge as we to praise.

VVere all the choise of wit and language showne
 In one brave Epitaph upon *thy* Stone,
 Had learned *Donne*, *Beaumont*, and *Randolph*, all
 Surviv'd *thy* Fate, and sung *thy* Funerall,
 Their Notes had been too lowe: Take this from mee.
 None but *thy* selfe could write a verse for thee.

R. BRIDGEMAN,

A. M. N. C. Oxon.

On

ON MR. BEN. JOHNSON.

POet of Princes, Prince of Poets (wee
 If to *Apollo* well may pray, to thee.)
 Give Glo-wormes leave to peepe, who till *thy* Night
 Could not be scene, we darkened were with Light.
 For Starres t'appeare after the fall o'th Sun,
 Is at the least modest presumption.
 I've seene a great Lamp lighted by the small
 Sparke of a Flint, found in a Field or Vall.
 Our thinner *verse* faintly may shaddow forth
 A dull reflexion of *thy* glorious worth;
 And (like a Statue homely fashion'd) raise
 Some *Trophies* to *thy* Mem'rie, though not Praise.
 Those shallow Sirs, who want sharpe sight to look
 On the Majestique splendour of *thy* Booke.
 That rather choose to heare an *Archy's* prate,
 Then the full sence of a learn'd Laureate,
 May when they see *thy* Name thus plainly writ,
 Admire the solemne measures of *thy* wit,
 And like *thy* Workes beyond a gawdy Showe
 Of Boards and Canvas, wrought by INIGO.
 Plough-men who puzzled are with Figures, come
 By Tallies to the reckning of a Summe.
 And Milk-sop Heires, which from their Mothers Lappe
 Scarce travaild, know farre Countries by a Mappe.

Shakespeare

Shakespeare may make *griefe* merry, *Beaumonts* stile
 Ravish and melt anger into a smile;
 In winter *nights*, or after *meales* they be,
 I must confesse very good companie:
 But *thou* exact'st our best houres industrie;
 Wee may read *them*; we ought to studie *thee*:
 Thy *Scenes* are *precepts*, every *verse* doth give
 Counsell, and teach us not to *laugh*, but *live*.

You that with towring thoughts presume so high,
 (Sweld with a vaine ambitious *Timpanie*)
 To dreame on *scepters*, whose brave mischief cal
 The blood of *Kings* to their last Funeralls:
 Learne from *Sejanus* his high fall, to prove
 To thy dread *Soveraigne* a sacred love,
 Let him suggest a reverend feare to *thee*,
 And may his *Tragedy*, Thy *Lecture* bee.
 Learne the compendious *Age* of slippery Power
 That's built on blood; and may one little houre
 Teach thy bold rashnesse that it is not safe
 To build a *Kingdome* on a *Cesars* grave.
 Thy *Playes* were whipt and libel'd, only 'cause
 Th'are good, and savour of our *Kingdomes* Lawes;
 HISTRIO-MASTIX (lightning like) doth wound
 Those things alone that *solid* are and *sound*.
 Thus *guiltie Men* hate *justice*; so a *glasse*
 Is sometimes broke for shewing a *foule Face*.
 There's none that wish Thee *Rods* instead of *Bayes*,
 But such, whose very *hate* adds to thy *Praise*.
 Let *Scriblers* (that write *Post*, and *versifie*
 VVith no more leasure then wee cast a *Die*)
 Spurre on their *Pegasus*, and proudly crie,
 This *Verse* I made ith' twinckling of an eye.

Thou couldst have done so, hadst thou thought it fit;
 But 'twas the wisdom of thy Muse to fit
 And weigh each syllable; suffering nought to passe
 But what could be no better then it was.
 Those that keepe pompous State nere goe in hast;
 Thou went'st before them all, though not so fast.
 While their poore Cobweb-stuffe finds as quick Fall
 As Birth, and sells like Almanacks out of date;
 The marble Glory of thy labour'd Rhime
 Shall live beyond the Calendar of Time.
 Who will their Meteors 'bove thy Sun advance?
 Thine are the Works of judgement, theirs of chance.
 How this whole Kingdome's in thy debt! wee have
 From others Perewigs and Paints, to save
 Our ruin'd Sculls and Faces; but to Thee
 We owe our Tongues, and Fancies remedie.
 Thy Poems make us Poets; wee may lacke
 (Reading thy B O O K E) stolne sentences and sack.
 Hee that can but one speech of thine reherse,
 Whether hee will or no, must make a Verse.
 Thus Trees give fruit, the kernels of that Fruit,
 Doe bring forth Trees, which in more branches shoot.
 Our canting ENGLISH (of it selfe alone)
 (I had almost said a Confusion)
 Is now all harmony; what we did say
 Before was tuning only, this is Play.
 Strangers, who cannot reach thy sense, will throng
 To heare us speake the Accents of thy Tongue
 As unto Birds that sing; ift be so good
 When heard alone, what is't when understood!
 Thou shalt be read as Classick Authors; and
 As Greeke and Latine taught in every Land.

The *cringing Mounſieur* ſhall *thy Language* vent,
 When he would melt his *Wench* with *Complement*.
 Uſing *thy Phraſes* he may have his wiſh
 Of a coy *Nun*, without an angry *Piſh*.
 And yet in all *thy P O E M S* there is ſhowne
 Such *Chſtitie*, that every *Line's a Zone*.
 Rome will confeſſe that *thou* maſt *Cæſar* talke
 In greater *ſtate* and *pompe* then he could walke.
Catilines tongue is the true edge of ſwords,
 We now not onely heare, but feele his *words*.
 Who *Tully* in *thy Idiom* underſtands
 Will ſweare that his *Oration*s are *commands*.
 But that which could with richer *Language* dreſſe
 The higheſt *ſenſe*, cannot *thy Worth* expreſſe.
 Had I *thy owne Invention* (which affords
 „*Words above Action, matter above words*)
 To crowne *thy Merits*, I ſhould only bee
 Sumptuoſly *poore*, low in *Hyperbole*.

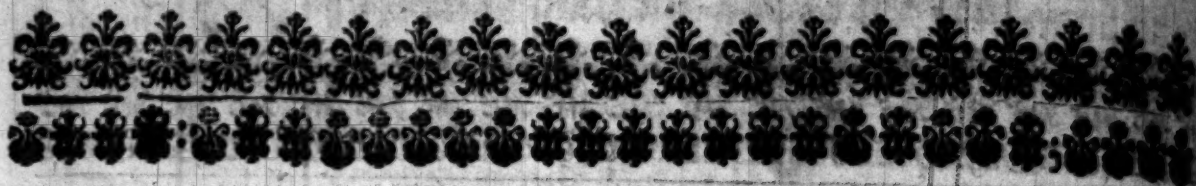
RICHARD WEST.



O Ur *Bayes* (me thinks) are withered, and they looke
As if (though thunder-free) with *envy*, strooke;
While the triumphant *Cipresse* boast to be
Design'd, as fitter for *thy* companie.

Where shall we now find one dares boldly write,
Free from base *flattery* yet as void of *spight*?
That grovels not in's *Satyres*, but soares high,
Strikes at the mounting *vices*, can descry
With *his* quicke *Eagles Pen* those glorious *crimes*,
That either dazle, or affright the *Times*?
Thy strength of *Iudgement* oft did thwart the tide
O'th' foaming multitude, when to their side
Throng'd *plush*, and *silken censures*, whilst it chose,
(As that which could distinguish *Men* from *cloathes*,
Faction from *iudgement*) still to keepe *thy Bayes*
From the suspition of a *vulgar praise*.
But why wrong *I* *thy memory* whilst *I* strive,
In such a *Verse* as mine to keep't alive?
Well wee may *ioyle*, and shew our *wis* the *racke*,
Torture our needy *fancies*, yet still lacke
Worthy *Expressions* Thy great losse to moane,
Being none can fully praise thee but *thy owne*.

R. MEADE.



V P O N
 THE DEATH OF
 BENIAMIN I O H N S O N.

L Et *thine* owne Sylva (BEN) arise, and trye
 To teach my thoughts an angry *Exiasie*;
 That I may fright *Contempt*, and with just darts
 Of fury sticke thy *Palsey* in their *Hearts*:
 But why doe I rescue thy *Name* from those
 That only cast away their *eares* in *Prose*:
 Or, if some better *Braine* arrive so high,
 To venture *Rhimes*, 'tis but *Court-Balladry*,
 Singing thy death in such an uncouth *Tone*,
 As it had beene an *Execution*.
 What are his faults (O *Envy*!) that you speake
English at *Court*, the learned *Stage* acts *Greeke*?
 That *Latine* *Hee* reduc'd, and could command
 That which your *Shakespeare* scarce could understand?
 That *Hee* expos'd you *Zelots*, to make knowne
 Your *Prophanation*; and not *his owne*?
 That *One* of such a fervent *Nose*, should be
 Pos'd by a *Puppet* in *DIVINITIE*?
Fame write 'em on his *Tombe*, and let him have
 Their *Accusations* for an *Epitaph*:
 Nor thinke it strange if such thy *Scænes* defie,
 That erect *Scaffolds* 'gainst *Authoritie*.

Who now will *plot to cozen Vice*, and tell
 The *Tricke* and *Policie* of *doing well* ?
 Others may please the *Stage*, His *sacred Fire*
 Wise men did rather *worship* then *admire* :
 His *lines* did relish *mirth*, but so *severe* ;
 That as they *tickled*, they did *wound* the *Eare*.
 Well then, such *Vertue* cannot die, though *Stones*
 Loaded with *Epitaphs* doe presse his *Bones* :
 Hee lives to mee ; spite of this *Martyrdome* :
 BEN, is the selfe same *POET* in the *Tombe*.
 You that can *Aldermen* new *Wits* create,
 Know, *JOHNSONS Sceleton* is *Laureate*.

H. RAMSAY.

*En**Ionsonus noster**Lyricorum Drammaticorumque**Coriphæus**Qui**Pallide auspice**Laurum a Grecia ipsaque Roma*
*rapuit.**Et**Fausto omnine**In Britannian transtulit*
*nostram**Nunc**Invidia major**Fato, non Æmulus*
*cessit**Anno Dom. CIO CXXXVII.**Id. Nonar.**FR: WORTLEY,*
Baronet.

In obitum BEN: IONSONI *Poetarum*
facile Principis.

IN quæ proijciat discrimina? quale tementem
Traxit in officium pietas temeraria Musam?
Me miserum; incusso pertentor frigore, & umbrâ
Territus ingenti videor pars Funeris ipse
Quod celebros, fama concepta mole fatisco,
Exiguamque strues restringuit prae gravis ignem.

Non tamen absistam, nam si spes colibus ausis
Excidat, extabo laudum JOHNSONE tuarum
Uberior testis: totidem quos secula norunt,
Solut tu dignus, cuius praecordia spiret,
Deliquium Musarum, & victi facta Poetae.

Quis nescit, Romane tuos, in utraq; triumphos
Militiâ, Lauriq; decus mox sceptrâ secutum:
Virgilius quoq; Cæsar erat, nec ferre priorem
Noverat: Augustum fato dilatus in ævum,
Ut Regem vatem jactares regia, Teque
Suspiceres gemino prælustrem Roma Monarchâ.

En penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos,
Munera jactantes eadem, similiq; beatos
Fortuna; hæc quoq; secula suum videre Maronem,
Cæsarei vixit qui latus imagine sceptri,
Implevitq; suum Romana carmine nomen.

Utq; viam cernas, longosq; ad summa paratus;
En series eadem, vatumq; simillimus ordo.

Quis

Quis neget incultum Lucreti carmen, & Enni
 Deformes numeros, Musæ incrementa Latina?
 Haud aliter nostri præmissa in principis ortum
 Ludicra Chauceri, classisq; incomperta sequentum;
 Nascenti apta parum divina hæc machina regno,
 In nostrum servanda fuit, tantæq; decebat
 Prælusisse Deos ævi certamina famæ;
 Nec geminos vates, nec Te Shakspeare filebo;
 Aut quicquid sacri nostros coniecit in annos
 Consilium Fati: per seros ite nepotes
 Illustres animæ, demissaq; nomina semper
 Candidior fama excipiat, sed parcite Divi,
 Si majora vocant, si pagina sanctior urget.
 Est vobis decor, et nativæ gratia Musæ,
 Quæ trahit atq; tenet, quæ me modò læta remittit,
 Excitum modò in alta rapit, versatq; legentem.

Sed quàm te memorem vatum Deus: O novæ gentis
 Gloria & ignoto turgescens Musæ cothurno!
 Quàm solidat vires, quàm pingui robore surgens
 Invaditq; hauritq; animam: haud temerarius ille
 Qui mos est reliquis, probat obvia, magna q; fundit
 Felici tantum genio; sed destinat ictum,
 Sed vaser et sapiens cunctator prævia sternit,
 Furtivoq; gradu subvectus in ardua, tandem
 Dimittit pleno correptos fulmine sensus.

Huc, precor, accedat quisquis primo igne calentem
 Ad numeros sua Musæ vocat, nondumq; subacti
 Ingenij novitate tumens in carmina fertur
 Non normæ legisve memor; quis ferre soluti
 Naufragium ingenij poterit, mentisq; ruinam?
 Quanto pulchrior hic medijs qui regnat in undis,
 Turbine correptus nullo: cui spiritus ingens

Non artem vincit: medio sed verus in æstro,
Princeps insano pugnantem numine musam
Edomat, & cudit suspensio metra furore.

In rabiem Catilina tuam conversus & artes
Qualia molitur; quali bacchatur hiatu?
En mugitum oris, conjurat æq; Camænæ,
Divinas furias & non imitable fulmen!
O verum Ciceronis opus, linguaq; diserta,
Elogium spirans: O vox æterna Catonis,
Cæsaream referans fraudem, retrahensq; sequaces
Patricios in cadem, & funera certa reorum:
Quis fando expediat primæ solennia pompæ,
Et circumfusi studium plaususq; Theatri?
Non tu divini Cicero dux inclite facti,
Romæve majores vidit servata triumphos.

Celsior incedis nostro, Sejane, cothurno
Quàm te Romani, quàm te tua fata ferebant:
Hinc magis insigni casu, celebriq; ruina
Volveris, & gravius terrent exempla Theatri.

At tu stas nunquam ruituro in culmine vates,
Despiciens auras, & fallax numen Amici,
Tuius honore tuo, genitæq; volumine famæ.
A capreis verbosa & grandis epistola frustra
Venerat, offenso major fruerere Tonante,
Si sic crevisses, si sic, Sejane, stetisses.
O fortunatum, qui te, J O N S O N E, sequutus
Contexit sua fila, suiq; est Nominis Author.

T. TERRENT.

K Vatum

VATVM PRINCIPI,
BEN. JONSONO
Sacrum.

Poetarum Maxime!

Sive Tu mortem, sive Ecstasin passus,
Jaces verendum et plus quam Hominis funus.
Sic post receptam sacri furoris Gloriam,
um exhaustum jam Numen Decexit emerita Vates.
Fugiq; fluxu non reditura se prodegit Anima,
Jacuit Sibyllæ cadaver,
Vel trepidis adhuc cultoribus consulendum.
Nulli se longius indulsit DEV S, nulli agrius valedixit;
Pares testatus flammis,
Dum Exul, ac dum Incola.
Annorumq; jam ingruente Vespere,
Pectus Tuum, tanquam Poeseos Horizonta,
Non sine Rubore suo reliquit:
Vatibus nonnullis ingentia prodere; nec scire datur:
Magnum alijs Mysterium, majus sibi,
Ferarum ritu vaticinantium
Inclusum jactant Numen quod nesciunt,
Et instinctu sapiunt non Intellecto.
Quibus dum ingenium facti Audacia, prodest Ignorare:
Tibi Primo contigit furore frui proprio,

Et Numen regeri Tuum.

Dum parâ luctâ Afflatibus Iudicium commisisti,

Bis Entheatus:

Aliasq; Musis Mutas addidisti, Artes et Scientias,

Tui plenus Poeta.

Qui furorem Insania eximens

Docuisti, et sobrie Aonios Latices hauriri,

Primus Omnium.

Qui Effraenem Caloris luxuriam frangi Consilio castigaveris,

Ut tandem Ingenium sine veniâ placitarum

Possideret Britannia,

Miraretur Orbis,

Nihilq; inveniret scriptis Tuis donandum, præter famam.

Quod Prologi igitur

Velut Magnatum Propylea Domini Titulos proferunt,

Perpetuumq; celebratur Argumentum, Ipse Author,

Non Arragantis hoc est, sed Iudicantis,

Aus Variocantis.

Virtutis enim illud et vatis est, sibi placere,

Proinde non Invidiâ tantum nostrâ, sed Laude Tuâ

Magnum Te prodire iusserunt fata.

Qui Integrum Nobis Poetam solus exhibuisti,

Vnusq; omnes exprimens.

Cum frondes Alij Laureas Decerpunt, Tu totum Nemo vindicas,

Nec Adulator Laudas, nec invidus perstringis:

Virumq; exosus.

Vel Sacrificio Tuo Mella, vel Medicina Acetum immiscere.

Nec Intenso nimis spiritu Avenam Diripisti:

Nec exila nimis Tubam emaculasti;

Servatis utrinq; Legibus, Lex ipsi factus.

Quâ obsequij religione Imperium nactus es:

Rerum servus, non Temporum.

Ita omnium Musarum Amasius,
 Omnibus perpetuum certamen astat.
 sit Homeri gloria
 Urbes de se certantes habere, de te disputare Musæ,
 Qui seu cothurno niteris, inter Poetas Tonans Pater,
 Sive soccum Pede comples rotundo,
 Et Epigrammata Dictas Agenda,
 Facetiasq; Manibus exprimendas,
 Adoranda posteris Ducis vestigia, et nobis unus es Theatrum Metri.
 Non Arena spectacula scena exhibuit Tua,
 Nec Poemata, sed Poesin ipsam parturit,
 Populoq; Mentis, et Leges ministravit,
 Quibus Te damnare possent, si Tu poteras peccare.
 Sic et Oculos spectanti prastas, et spectacula;
 Scenamq; condis quæ Legi magis gestiat quam spectari,
 Non Histrioni suum delitura ingenium,
 Quæis nullus Alij Apollo, sed Mercurius Numer,
 Quibus Afflatus præstant vinum et Amasia,
 Truduntq; in Scenam vitia, Morbo Poeta.
 Quibus Musa Pagis primisq; Plaustris apta,
 Premoriturum vati carmen,
 Non edunt, sed abortiunt;
 Cui ipsam etiam prælum conditorium est,
 Novâq; Lucina fraude in Tenebras emittuntur Authores,
 Dum Poemata sic ut Diaria,
 Suotantum Anno et Regioni effingunt,
 Sic quoq; Plauti Moderni sales,
 Ipsitantum Plauto σύγγραφοι:
 Et vernacule nimium Aristophanis facie
 Non extra suum Theatrum Plausus invenerunt:
 Tu interim
 Saculi spiras quoq; post futuri Genium.

Idemq; Tuum et Orbis Theatrum est,
 Dum Immensum, cumq; Lectore crescens Carmen;
 Et perenne uno fundis Poema verbo,
 Tuas Tibi gratulamur faelices Moras!
 Quanquam quid moras reprehendimus, quas nostri fecit reverentia?
 Aeternum scribi debuit quicquid aeternum legi.
 Poteras Tu solus
 Stylo sceptris Majore Orbem moderari.
 Romae Britannos subjugaon Gladius,
 Romam Britannis Calamus tuus,
 Quam sic vinci gestientem,
 Cothurno Angliaco sublimiorem quam suis Collibus cernimus,
 Demum quod majus est, atatem Nobis nostram subycis;
 Oraculiq; Vicarius,
 Quod jussit DEVS, Fides praestat Sacerdos,
 Homines seipsos Noscere instituens.
 Lingua Nostra
 Tibi collactanea Tecum crevit,
 Vocesq; patrias, et Tuas simul formasti.
 Nec Indigenam amplius, sed JONSONI jaetamus facundiam,
 Ut inde semper Tibi contingat Tuâ Linguâ Celebrari;
 Qui et Romam
 Disertiores docuisti voces
 Mancipiali Denuò Iocomate superbientem,
 Græciamq; etiam
 Orbis Magistram excoluisti,
 Nunc aliâ quàm Atticâ Minervâ Eloquentem.
 Te solo Dives poteras Aliorum Ingenia contemnere,
 Et vel sine Illis evasisses Ingenij compendium:
 Sed ut ille Piætor,
 Mundo daturus par Idea Exemplar,
 Quas hinc et inde Pulchritudines

Sparserat Natura,
 Collegit Artifex:
 Forma; rivulos palantes in unum cogens Oceanum,
 Inde exire jussit alteram sine nava Venerem.
 Ita Tibi parem Machinam molito,
 In hoc etiam ut Pictura erat Poesis;
 Alij inde Authores materies Ingenio Tuo accedunt,
 Tu illis Ars, et Lima adderis.
 Et si Poeta audient Illi, Tu Ipsa Poesis;
 Authorum non alius Calamus, sed Author.
 Scriptores Diu sollicitos Teipso tandem docens,
 Quem debet Genium habere victurus Liber. (runt,
 Qui præcesserunt, quotquot erant viarum tantum Judices fue-
 Tu solùm Columna.
 Quæ prodest alijs virtus, obstat Domino.
 Et qui ceteros emendatiùs transcripseras,
 Ipse transcribi nescis.
 Par Prioribus congressus, Futuris Impar,
 Scenæ perpetuus Dictator.

ROB. WARING.

Epitaphium

Epitaphium in BEN: IONSON.

Adsta hospes: pretium moræ est, sub isto
 Quid sit, discere, conditum Sepulchro.
 Succi delicia; decus Cotburni;
 Scenæ pompa; cor & caput Theatri;
 Linguarum sacer belluo; perennis
 Defluxus venerum; scatebra salsi
 Currens lene joci, sed innocentis;
 Artis perspicuum jubar; coruscum
 Sydus; judicij pumex, profundus
 Doctrinæ puteus, tamen serenus;
 Scriptorum genius; Poeticus Dux,
 Quantum O sub rigido latet lapillo!

WILLIAM BEW.

N. Coll. Oxon. soc.

In

In Obitum BEN. I O N S O N .

N Ec sic excidimus: pars tantum vilior audit
 Imperium Libitina tuum, cœlestior arget
 Æthereos tractus, mediasq; supervolat Auras,
 Et velut effusum spissa inter nubila lumen
 Ingenij strictura micat, fœlicior ille,
 Quisquis ab hoc victuram actavit Lampada Phœbo.
 In famulante faces accendimus, idq; severæ,
 Quod damus alterius vitæ, concedimus Umbræ.
 Sic Caput Ismarij, cæsâ cervice, Poetæ,
 Nescio quid rapida vocale immurmurat Hebro,
 Memnonis adverso sic stridit Chordula Phœbo,
 Datq; modos magicos, tenuesq; reciprocant Auras:
 Seu Tu Grandiloqui torques vaga frœna Theatri,
 En Tibi vox geminis applaudit publica Palmis;
 Seu juvat in Numeros, palantes cogere voces
 Mæoniâ J O N S O N E cheli, Te pronus amantum
 Prosequitur Cœtus, studioso imitamine vatum.
 BENIAMINI insignis quondam quintuplice ditis
 Suffitu Mensæ, densaq; paropside, sed Tu
 Millenâ plus parte alios excedis, et Auctis
 Accumulas dapibus, propriâ de dote, Placent am.

SAM. EVANS, L L. Bacc.
 No. Coll. Oxon. Soc.

Quid Martes Epico tonat Cothurno,
 Sive aptat Elegis leves Amores,
 Seu sales Epigrammatum jocosos
 Promit, seu numerosiora plectro
 Jungit verba, sibi secundat orsa
 Cyrrhæus, nec Hyantiæ sorores
 Ullo dexterius favent Poetæ,
 Hoc cum Mæonide sibi et Marone,
 Et cum Callimacho, et simul Tibullo
 Commune est, alijsq; cum trecentis:
 Sed quod Anglia quotquot eruditos
 Fœcundo ediderit sinu Poetas
 Acceptos referat sibi, sua omnes
 Hos industria finxerit, labosq;
 IONSONI, Hoc proprium est suumq; totum,
 Qui Poëmata fecit et Poetas.

WYKES, R. P. Episc.
 Lond: Capell: Domes.

R. BRIDEOAKE.

A. M. N. C. Oxon.



Ἰωντῶν ποτε ρυῖτι παρῆσι πότνι Μῶα,
 Καὶ Βρόμιθ, κ' ἔρω, κ' Χαρίτων διασῶ,
 Εὔθ' ἀρπύτοκον λάβενεβείδι, σπ' ἔρξε τε κισσῶ,
 Λέσας κ' ποτίσας ῥήνται τῷ Βάπτουθ.
 Κύσαν δ' αἱ Χάριτες, κ' ἀειθαλέσσι ῥιδοῖσιν
 Εὔσφρον, ἥδ' ἱερῆς βακχαρίδ' πατάλαις.
 Κεσὸν πύθος ἔρω, συλήσας μητέρα, δῶκαν,
 Αἴγνον θελξινὼφ φίλδον αἰδοπόλιν.
 Τοῖς δ' ὅπ' Μῶα σοφῆ ψιδυρίσματι παῖδ' ἐμύησιν,
 Χρυσείᾳ πτέρυγας λίκνε ὑπερχομένη.
 Χαῖρε θεῶν κήρυξ, γαίης μέγα χαρμα Βρεταννῆς.
 Χαῖρ' ἐλπίς Σικλων ἥδ' ἔπ' γυμνοπύδων.
 Αἴς σὺ χορηγήσων εἴτ' Εμβάδας, εἴτε Κοδόρνης,
 Ἑλλάδα κ' Ρώμην ἐς φθόνον οἰσελάσεις.
 Γυναικῶν δειγχαῖσι νεοδμήτοιθ θεάσιν,
 Ἰκρί' ἀμειψαμένοι μαρμαρεῶν Ἰαλίδων.
 Ἡ· κ' ἀπαλάμενη, βρέρεθ παλάμησιν ἐσῆκε
 Πλίνδον, ἀρειότερης σύμβολον οἰκοδομῆς.



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